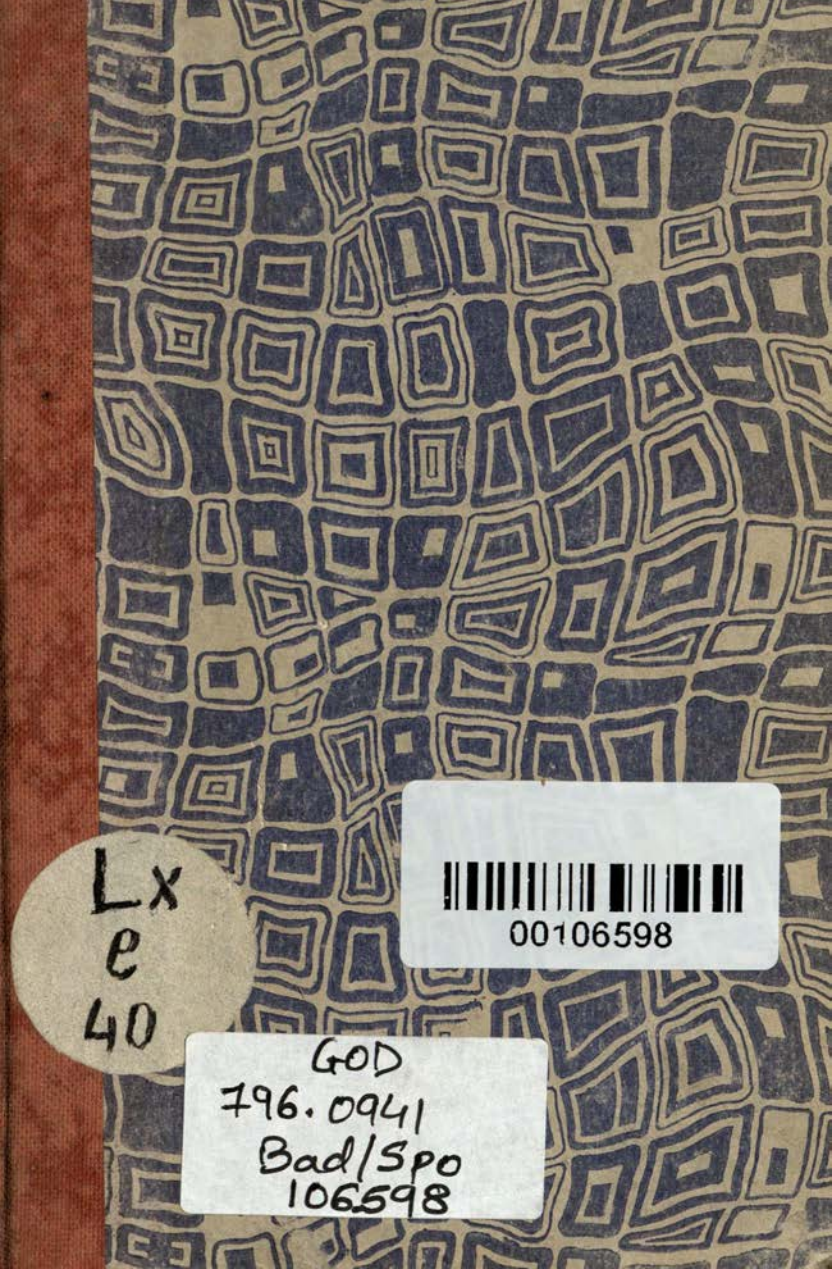
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SPORT IN WAR

WITHIN THE HALO OF OUR WATCHFIRES

Frontispiece

SPORT IN WAR

BY MAJOR-GENERAL

R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL,

F.R.G.S.

106598

With Nineteen Illustrations by the Author

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London

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1900

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PREFACE

IT seems desirable to write a few words of preface to this book, chiefly with the object of stating what it is: a reprint of sketches which have appeared in the Badminton Magazine. *Before the first number was published in August* 1895, *I was gratified by receiving from Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell the offer of an article about Pig-sticking, illustrated as well as written by himself, and called "The Sport of Rajahs." I knew that*

he wrote and drew as well as he did a great variety of things, and gladly accepted the paper, which appeared as the first article in the second number. I told him I should always be delighted to receive anything he cared to send, and from time to time other contributions followed. Then came a pause, while this most wonderful of all-round men was occupied with sterner work. This is not the place to dilate upon the feverish earnestness and anxiety with which for many months the eyes of the civilised world were turned to Mafeking, nor upon the almost delirious joy with which news of the relief was at last welcomed. The Commander of the little town has

made for himself an imperishable name, not only by the gallantry and marvellous resource that marked his defence of the place, but by the unfailing cheerfulness with which he sustained and revived the spirits of soldiers and civilians under his charge. The personality of the General, all that he said and did, had said and done, became matters of intense interest, and naturally induced me to turn up these sketches, only again to be delighted by their freshness, vigour and charm. To preserve them in book form became at once my keen desire. The only point to be considered was the author's views on the subject. I therefore cabled to Mafeking, and after a long wait, which

made me fear that the message must have gone astray, his laconic consent came from Rustenburg, in the single word: YES. And here is the little book, proving the General to be not less master of pen and pencil than of the sword.

ALFRED E. T. WATSON
(*Editor*, BADMINTON MAGAZINE).

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SPORT IN WAR

SPORT IN WAR

HAT sort of sport did you have out there?" is the question with which men have, as a rule, greeted one on return from the campaign in Rhodesia; and one could truthfully say, "We had excellent sport." For, in addition to the ordinary experiences included under that head, the work involved in the military operations was sufficiently sporting in itself to fill up a good measure of enjoyment.

In the first place, scouting played a very prominent part in the preliminaries to major operations, and gave opportunities for the exercise of all the arts and resources of woodcraft, coupled with the excitement incidental to contending against wild beasts of the human kind—men of special cunning, pluck, and cruelty.

This scouting, to be successful, necessitated one's going with the very slenderest escort—frequently with one man only, to look after the horses—and for long distances away from our main body, into the districts occupied by the enemy. Thus, one was thrown entirely on one's own resources, with the stimulating knowledge that if you did not maintain a sufficient alertness of observa-

SLOWLY MOVING OVER THE BOULDERS OF THE RIVER-BED

tion and action, you stood a very good chance indeed, not only of failing to gain information which you were desired to seek, but also of getting yourself wiped out, as many a better man had been before, by the ruthless, bloodthirsty foe.

"Spooring," or tracking, was our main source of guidance and information, and night the cover under which we were able to make our way about the enemy's country with impunity. For a pastime involving all the points that go to make up "sport" in the eyes of the Briton—viz., hard work, adventure, general discomfort, and genuine fun—commend me to scouting.

Then the actual tackling the enemy was not, especially during the latter

part of the operations, of the cut-and-dried order of tactics. There was no drawing up of opposing forces in battle-array, or majestic advancing of earth-shaking squadrons to the clash of arms; but you had to approach a koppie or peak of piled-up granite boulders, where not an enemy was visible, but which you knew was honeycombed with caves and crannies all full of watching niggers fingering guns of every kind and calibre. You were expected to climb up this loopholed pyramid to gain the entrance to its caves, which was somewhere near the top, as a rule, and if you were lucky enough to escape an elephant bullet from one side or another, or a charge of slugs from a crevice underfoot, you had

the privilege of firing a few shots down the drain-like entrance to the cave, and of then lowering yourself quickly after them into the black uncertainty below. Although I never appreciated this form of sport at its proper worth, there were many in our forces who did. It cannot be denied that there was a "glorious uncertainty" about it, such as could not be surpassed in any other variety of amusement.

Then, when the enemy had been hard hit and driven from their positions, it became necessary to hunt them up with flying patrols and small columns. This took us into wild and distant corners of the country, and, until their surrender was obtained, this man-hunting

afforded us plenty of excitement and novel experience.

In addition to military operations such as these, we saw something of the actual sport proper of the country, since supplies, especially of meat, were very scarce with us. Therefore the game-laws were by special ordinance suspended, and we availed ourselves of every opportunity to get buck or other food. In many districts we found it sufficiently abundant, while in others the fatal scourge of rinderpest had done its work—especially among the koodoo—and had decimated the former troops of game.

We got, at various times, koodoo, sable, and roan antelope, wildebeeste, hartebeeste, reit-buck, stein-buck,

duyker, hares, wild-pig, quagga, and twice our patrols saw giraffe. Then of birds we saw ostriches and shot paauw, korhan, so-called pheasants, partridges, guinea-fowl, duck, and plover. And in many of the streams the men caught fish, which, though in London they might be considered somewhat overcharged with bones and mud, yet served as a pleasing variation to our daily fare of tinned ration beef.

The pleasures of the pursuit of game were all the more enhanced by the knowledge that the meat was really necessary to us, and especially by the fact that we often carried out our sport at the risk of being ourselves the quarry of some sneaking band of rebel warriors.

Moreover, to all our fun a seasoning was added in the shape of lions, whose presence or propinquity was very frequently impressed upon us at nights by deep-toned grunts or ghostly apparitions within the halo of our watchfires. In defiance of the rules of war—which forbid the use of fires by night, as guiding an enemy's night attack—we had a ring of bright fires burning round our bivouac to scare away the lions. Frequently our sentries fired upon them as they kept a waiting watch, prowling from point to point outside our line of men. But, in spite of such precautions, on one occasion they took one of our horses, and on another they carried off a mule.

By day we saw them too. One

patrol, indeed, came upon a group of nine lying dozing in the bush; and when the nine arose and yawned and stretched their massive jaws and limbs, the patrol, remembering the old maxim concerning the relations between discretion and valour, changed the course of their advance and took another line.

One time, when I was patrolling the bank of the Shangani River with three men, the massive form of a lion was seen slowly moving over the boulders of the river-bed. The corporal and I jumped off our horses in a moment, and fired a volley *à deux*, at about 180 yards. One shot thudded into him, the other striking the ground just under his belly. He sprang with a light bound over a rock

and disappeared from our view. Posting one man on a high point on the bank to watch the river-bed, and leaving the other in charge of our horses, the corporal and I made our way down to where we had last seen the lion. We were armed with Lee-Metford carbines, and we turned on our magazines in order to have a good running fire available should our quarry demand it.

Meantime our main body, coming along the opposite bank of the river, had seen our manœuvre, and an officer and one man had come down into the river-bed from their side to help us.

Gradually and cautiously we surrounded the spot where we guessed the lion to be—cautiously, at least,

as far as three of us were concerned; the fourth, the man who had come from the main body, was moving in a far freer and more confident manner than any of us could boast; he clambered over the rocks, and sprang with agility into the most likely corners for finding a wounded lion lying ambushed, and his sole weapon was his revolver—for he was a farrier. Such is Tommy Atkins; whether it is the outcome of sheer pluck, or of ignorance, or of both combined, the fact remains that he will sail gaily in where danger lies, and as often as not sail gaily out again unharmed.

However, to continue: at last we were on the spot, but no lion was there—an occasional splash of blood,

and here and there, where sand lay between the rocks, the impress of a mighty paw, showed that he had moved away after being hit. But soon all traces ceased, and though we searched for long we could find no further sign of him.

We halted on the river-bank during the intense heat of the day, and before resuming our march in the evening we sallied out once more to search the river-bed and an islet grown with bushes, where we hoped he might yet be. And while we searched the hussar, who had been assigned to me to hold my horse, and who was the man who, in the morning, had been posted to watch the river-bed, asked, "How many lions are there supposed to be here?" I told him

WATCHING THE RIVER-BED

"Only the one we fired at this morning."

Whereupon he grimly said, "Oh, I saw him go away up the river when you went down into it. *He was a-dragging his hindquarters after him.*"

It appeared that the man thought he had been posted to guard against surprise by an enemy, and did not realise that we, being down among the rocks, could not see the lion which was so visible from his look-out place. And so we lost that lion.

But I had better luck another time.

It stands thus recorded in my diary:*

"10*th October.*—(To be marked

* *Vide* "The Matabele Campaign, 1896," by the writer.

with a red mark when I can get a red pencil.) Jackson and a native 'boy' accompanied me scouting this morning; we three started off at 3 A.M. In moving round the hill that overlooks our camp we saw a match struck high up near the top of the mountain. This one little spark told us a good deal. It showed that the enemy were there; that they were awake and alert (I say 'they,' because one nigger would not dare to be up there by himself in the dark); and they were aware of our force being at Posselt's (as otherwise they would not be occupying this hill).

"However, they could not see anything of us, as it was then quite dark. And we went farther on among the mountains. In the early morning

light we crossed the deep river-bed of the Umchingwe River, and, in doing so, noticed the fresh spoor of a lion in the sand. We went on and had a good look at the enemy's stronghold; and on our way back, as we approached this river-bed, agreed to go quietly, in case the lion should be moving about in it. On looking down over the bank, my heart jumped into my mouth when I saw a grand old brute just walking in behind a bush. Jackson did not see him, but was off his horse as quickly as I was, and ready with his gun: too ready, indeed, for the moment that the lion appeared, walking majestically out from behind the bush that had hidden him, Jackson fired hurriedly, striking the ground under his foot, and, as we

afterwards discovered, knocking off one of his claws.

"The lion tossed up his shaggy head and looked at us in dignified surprise. Then I fired and hit him with a leaden bullet from the Lee-Metford. He reeled, sprang round, and staggered a few paces, when Jackson, who was using a Martini-Henry, let him have one in the shoulder. This knocked him over sideways, and he turned about, growling savagely.

"I could scarcely believe that we had got a lion at last, but resolved to make sure of it; so, telling Jackson not to fire unless it was necessary (for fear of spoiling the skin with the larger bullet of the Martini), I went down closer to the beast and fired a

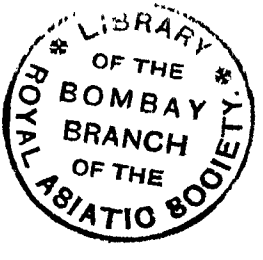
HE TURNED ABOUT, GROWLING SAVAGELY

shot at the back of his neck as he turned his head momentarily away from me. The bullet went through his spine and came out through the lower jaw, killing him.

"*We* were pretty delighted at our success, but our nigger was mad with happiness, for a dead lion—provided he is not a man-eater—has many invaluable gifts for a Kaffir, in the shape of love-philtres, charms against disease or injury, and medicines that produce bravery. It was quite delightful to shake hands with the mighty paws of the dead lion, to pull at his magnificent tawny mane, and to look into his great, deep, yellow eyes. Then we set to work to skin him; two of us skinning while the other kept watch in case

of the enemy sneaking up to catch us while we were thus occupied. We found that he was very fat, and also that he had been much wounded by porcupines, portions of whose quills had pierced the skin, and lodged in his flesh in several places. Our nigger cut out the eyes, gall-bladder, and various bits of the lion's anatomy, as fetish medicine. I filled my carbine-bucket with some of the fat, as I knew my two 'boys,' Diamond and M'tini, would very greatly value it. Then, after hiding the head in a neighbouring bush where we could find it again, we packed the skin on to one of the ponies and returned to camp mightily pleased with ourselves."

A RUN WITH THE CAPE FOXHOUNDS



A RUN WITH THE CAPE FOXHOUNDS

THE setting sun is slowly withdrawing his broad warm hand from off the land as we steam out by the evening train from the chill and darkling shadow of Table Mountain, and rattle off across the "Flats" for the hunting-ground beyond.

Our Colonial railway system may not be so speedy as those at home, but it is infinitely more advanced in

one particular: its hunting rates for horses, hounds, and men are of the very lowest. Therefore, with blessings on a directorate so sporting, we seldom fail to largely patronise the rail for hunting meets. But to-night we are not many in the train; besides the Master and myself (who act as whip) there are no members of the hunt aboard. To-morrow a new Governor is to arrive from England, and all the garrison must be there to see him safely in. But, in order that the farmers of the district may not miss their fun, a special dispensation from parade has been granted to the Master and myself, and thus we find ourselves travelling forth to take up our night's quarters at Maasfontein, in readiness

for daybreak hunting ere the dew has left the grass and the sun has parched the scent.

In less than an hour we have reached the lonely little station, and, after disembarking hounds and horses, we jog away in the gathering darkness over the two miles that separate us from the village. Our baggage we carry with us, as the custom of the country is, in saddle-bags. In a hollow in the open downs we come upon the village, and as we pass its single, long, tree-shaded street, the men and house-wives peer out from their lamplit doors. We lodge both hounds and horses in the stables of the single-storeyed village inn, and here we find a number of our hunting farmers

who have come over in their waggons for the meet; for every Dutchman's waggon forms his travelling home for markets, meets, or fairs. And, while we tackle supper, they sit around and smoke, and talk of what the sport will be.

What quaint old fellows are these rugged bearded Dutchmen! Slow, well-nigh to denseness, outwardly, yet in reality full of sporting instinct, and also quick enough to see and to resent any display of English hauteur or attempt to patronise. They have simply to be treated as equals and as friends; the true freemasonry of sport will do the rest. It is a pleasure to see how their dull faces can light up and their whole demeanour change as they begin to

talk on sport. After giving a hopeful view of prospects for the morrow, the conversation turns on other lines, and soon we are thrilled with vivid tales of bygone days when lions and tuskers formed the quarry in these same districts, where now we scarce can find a jackal.

But these sportsmen are not late sitters, and just as one is beginning to think whether it is quite good enough to hear another lion story at the risk of being asphyxiated with the reek of gin and Boer tobacco, they rise, and, with their hoarse "Goode-nachts," they clatter out into the darkness towards their several travelling bedrooms. Nor do we long outsit them, for, as the pig-sticking song says,

To-morrow, by dawn, we must be on our ground.

After a final sup of whisky from our private stock, and a glance round the stable and the temporary kennel in the wash-house, we turn into our beds in the one bare empty room.

Our sleep is soon slept. The unrest natural to night before a hunting day, like John Peel's cry, soon "calls me from my bed," and I slip out and indulge in a glorious "tub" in the horse-trough in front of the inn. It is just daybreak, or, as the Dutchmen term it, "the light for seeing the horns of an ox"; a glow is in the sky behind the eastward hills, and on the village camp-ground the twinkling fires show that the farmers'

"boys" are preparing the morning coffee.

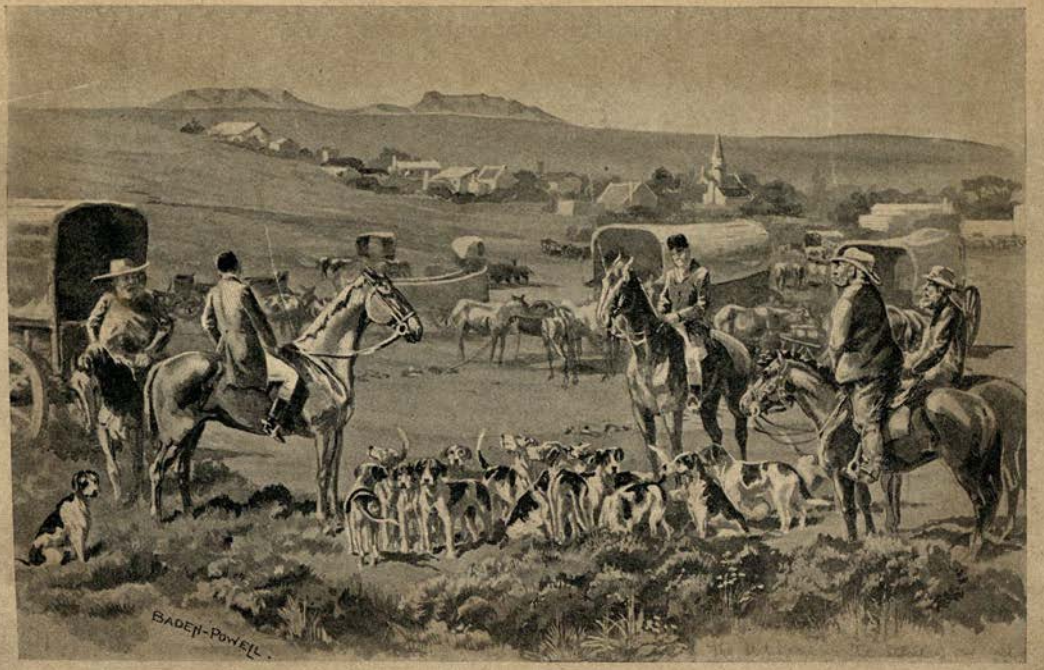
An hour later this same camp-ground, or "uitspan," as it is called, is the scene of our meet.

The farmers soon join us, mounted on their wiry unkempt little horses, their rusty bits and stirrups being as unlike the turn-out of the English hunting-field as are the riders' corduroy trousers, hobnailed boots, and wide flapping hats. But, dirty and ragged though they be, the horses are both clever and quick in bad ground, and wiry and enduring to an extent that would hardly be expected from their narrow chests and quarters; while the riders, stolid and grumpy as is their demeanour, will rouse up like schoolboys and go

with the keenest when once there is fox afoot.

Cups of coffee from the ox-dung camp-fires are passed around, and then the everlasting pipes come out and are filled by the simple method of plunging them into the capacious coat-pocket, which is kept filled with loose "Boer" tobacco. The strong aroma hangs as heavily as its blue smoke on the raw morning air, and promises a fine scenting morning as we trot away from the uitspan towards our hunting-ground.

Our hounds would perhaps look strange at home—their best admirer could scarcely call them a level lot; but this need not be wondered at when it is remembered that we have to take what we can get from kind-



THE UITSPAN IS THE SCENE OF OUR MEET

hearted Masters all over England. The fatal "dog-sickness" of South Africa plays such havoc in the course of a season as to necessitate a fresh draft from home every year. Shipping charges are very high, and the funds of the hunt are *per contra* very low, so it is not surprising that our pack is a somewhat mixed one. But, although "a rum 'un to look at," it is a "good 'un to go," and every hound in it, this fine hunting morning, looks hard and fit for anything.

At their head rides our Master, as fine a specimen of the British soldier-sportsman as you would meet in a day's march. (Poor Turner! he gave up the hounds not long after the day I am here describing, and he now lies buried on the banks of

the Sabi, away there beyond Mashonaland.)

Beside myself rides George, our whip, a Cape lad of nondescript breed, but especially useful in our hunting-field from his proficiency in the art of "spooring" or tracking the jackal over the frequent sand patches, which do not carry scent.

As we rise the hill above the village the neighbouring country unfolds itself before us in a succession of undulations of grass and fallow land and occasional patches of low scrub and heather. There are no fences beyond occasional boundary banks, drainage ditches, and dry water-courses. Away to the east and north the downs run up into mountains, while to the westward lie the

"Flats," sandy heath-covered plains, some eight miles in extent, with the grey-blue mass of Table Mountain rising stark and sheer from out the sea beyond them.

Look where you will—except for two or three widely distant clumps of trees, with their white farm-buildings among them—there is little to show that the country is a populous colony. Most of the farms and villages, being built near water, lie hidden in the folds of the ground.

The long, broad shadows cast by the rising sun across the dewy downs are slowly growing shorter as we jog along towards the dark heath-grown hillside that is our first cover. But ere we reach it a fresh delay occurs. Over the brow before us there rise

first the white tilt and then the nodding horses of a "Cape cart" trotting fast to meet us. Within it is De Villiers, or, as the rest pronounce it, "Filjee," a sporting-hearted farmer, who, although he does not ride himself, loves to see others do it boldly if not well, and to that end he never fails to bring a good supply of "jumping powder" and other similar aids to horsemanship.

In the present case this diversion is particularly conducive to sport, as it serves to keep our usually over-energetic field well occupied while hounds are drawing cover. The Master waves them in, and George and I take up our places at opposite corners to view the fox away. From where I stand below the crest I see

but little of the cover and of hounds at work within it, but other entertainment comes to me. Anon there is the slightest rustle in the bush, and stealthily a hare slips out and squats quite motionless a few yards from me; she hearkens backward, her great dark eyes bright-glistening in the sunlight; then she turns and hunches in again, but a minute later the Master's cheering voice again sends her palpitating on to the open; a moment's pause, and then away she lits adown the slope and scampers off to other hiding-places. Now creeping up towards me, close along the heather's edge, there comes a string of brown-grey partridges all scuttling fast in frightened hurry. I wonder who gives them their orders?

They act upon them instantaneously. "Halt!" they all crouch. "Heads up!" "Fly!" Whirr! and the whole brown covey are off together down across the ravine; then, with stiffened wings, they rise the other slope: a sudden wheel, then slide up and up the grassy shoulder without a single flutter till they overtop——

Hark—a whimper! No—yes—another! Followed by the anxious cry of others owning to it.

"Tally-ho! Gone away!" screeches George at the bottom corner.

With a horse like my old "Toulon," who knows his business, my shortest way is smack through the cover. So into it we go; plunging here, jumping there, through the heavy heath

MEMBERS OF OUR MOTLEY FIELD

and scrub. As we come over the hill-top the fun is spread before us. Just in time we are to view him cross the ridge in front—a fine old fox, looking somewhat like the little rover of Old England, but, being longer in the leg, he does not stretch himself so close along the ground.

Hounds in cheery chorus are stretching after him, gleaming white and mottled on the green grass slope. And George, not far behind them, in his pink and leathers, riding a bright bay gelding, completes a hunting picture of the brightest colouring, that in the instant photographs itself upon the mind.

And now the Master is through the brook-bog in the bottom, and in our turn we scramble through, bringing

on the last tail hounds from out the cover. Then, while we breast the slope, a backward glance shows all our motley field are tearing down to follow us. Now we top the rise and find an open stretch before us; scent is good, and hounds are racing well together. 'Tis grand to gallop thus over such good ground, with hounds lying well away before us, and the field coming equally well behind; while the keen morning air, lightening up the lungs to the extremity of buoyancy, gives one a taste of life that is divine.

The going is chiefly rough, long grass, whose only fault is treachery, in the shape of "ant-bear holes." These are the burrows of the ant-eater, more commonly known as the

ant-bear or ardvark ("earth-hog"). Luckily, they are not in this district so plentiful as in Natal and Zululand; and yet one hole is quite enough to spoil your hunting for the day, if not for ever. The ant-heaps, too, are obstacles, but honest ones, because they are not invisible. But on we fly, as though such things existed not, and the pace is good enough to take us clean away from all our following; but, luckily for them, before we've had two miles of this most glorious burst, a cowboy heads the fox. He turns his line and takes adown a valley to our left, and here he finds a thick and scrubby cover from which lead many blind ravines.

A check, while hounds endeavour to worry out the line, gives pause for

the field to come bustling up. Then some dismount to ease their blowing nags, while others ride around to help, as they suppose, the nonplussed hounds. Their noisy babel, as they talk about the run and chaff late-comers, would annoy one were it not so ludicrous to see how much a gallop moves these Dutchmen from their cold stolidity.

Now one young hand, supposing all is over, off-saddles, as his custom is, and leaves his horse to roll; but at that moment hounds once more hit off the line, and helter-skelter, off we pelt, leaving this young man to gain experience. Onward down the long hillside we press, now bending right, now swinging left, but ever edging on towards the "Flats." A

ditch and boundary bank next cause some grief, and farther on an ugly dry ravine brings down the Master and turns a large proportion of the field to seek another way.

Hounds now are tailing off a bit. Young Ranger leads the rest, as is his wont, by quite a hundred yards: he's far too fast, but we cannot well afford to trim our pack, else might we well dispense with Colleen, too—a small dark bitch, whose only place is at the Master's heels; and even when he's down, she waits to see him safely up again.

Our fox now runs us through a farmstead, where, among the cattle-kraals, we get some stone-wall lepping. At length we reach the tract of heath and dunes that forms the

"Flats," and scent falls light and catchy. Slow hunting here becomes the order of the day, with now and then a sudden burst along some grassy bottom. The field, though much reduced in numbers, is more than ever keen, and follows close—too close—upon the hounds.

"Now, Wanderer, my lad, what is it? Lame?" No, worse! Ay, poor old hound, he leaves the line, with drooping head and stern, and walks aside, just glancing up, as if to say, "Don't mind me, old friend, go on and see it out"; and he flings himself, quite helpless, down behind a bush. A little Kaffir tending cows close by agrees to nurse him, and, if he lives, to bring him home; but the hunt will never see old Wanderer

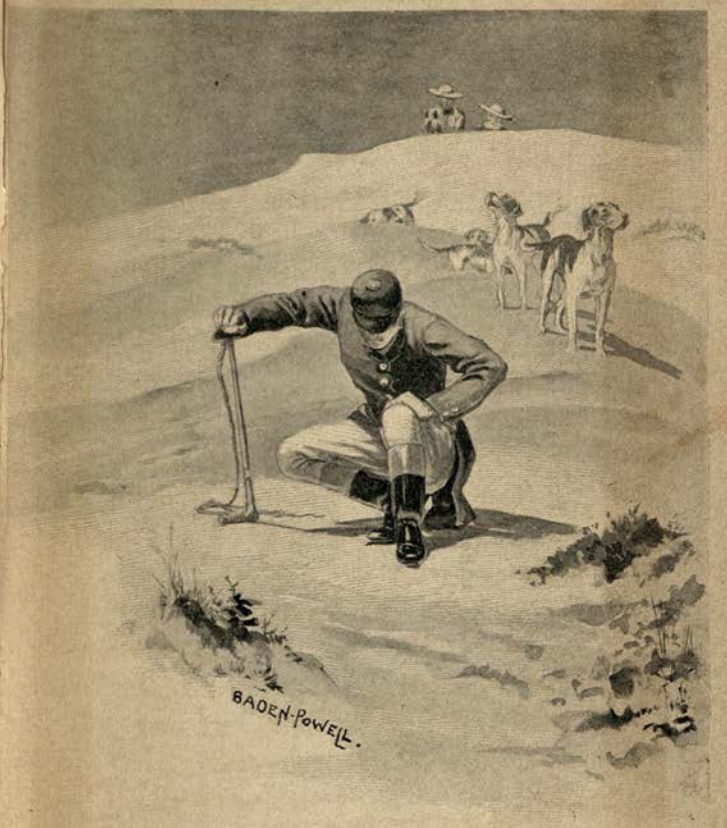
again. Dog-sickness always for its victims seems to take the best.

With sorrow at my heart, I push along to overtake the bobbing crowd in front, and find them checked beside a stretch of open sand. Here all scent fails, and George, on foot, is taking up the spoor, hounds following in an interested group. Upon the sand the tracks show where the fox has stopped to listen and then has doubled on his trail. Into the bush once more, and—Tally-ho !—he jumps up right before us. What a screech of men and hounds ! Old Piet Nielmann rushes past me, lambasting his fully-blown horse with a heavy sjambok, till a sturdy tussock stretches both the rider and his horse upon the sand.

The crowd go racing on. Over yonder rise our fox is viewed; a minute later we are there, and see the fun below. He doubles in some grass, and round the beauties come, just like a flock of pigeons wheeling —a crash, a snarl, and they roll him over in the bottom. Whowhoop!

And while he is broken up in the good old way, the knot of panting men and horses is gradually added to by stragglers coming up to join the chatter and the talk about the run.

Then pipes are lit, and, in the best of moods, we make our way once more towards the upland, where the farm of "Filjee" stands out white upon the hillside, bare except for this one group of trees and build-



GEORGE ACTING AS LEADING HOUND

ings. On drawing near we find a plain-faced single-storeyed house, with windows blinded by a formal row of pollard-trees set close in front. Upon the stoep or terrace-step, De Villiers and his frau receive us. Within the steamy room (whose windows never open) we find a plentiful repast laid out, of beef, black bread, and succotash, backed by an imposing display of bottles holding "square-face" gin, pontac, and van-der-Hum. But little time is lost in reconnoitring this formidable array, and our hungry sportsmen spring to the attack as hounds from leash. Once at it, they are fixed. Still, we know the scent which has favoured us so far may not last all day, so, after a welcome snack and a

toast to our sporting entertainer, a few of us move out to go afield again. But not so the majority: with them the lunch is half the hunt: they feel they've had their run, and now enjoy its complement.

So as we jog away to covers higher in the hills, we find our field reduced to three, and those three not likely, with their overweighted mounts, to carry on for long if the run has any pace. At the cross a spruit running out of a little bushy glen, hounds suddenly break and feather on a trail, and, bustling up the ravine, they pick up a gradually improving scent. Forrard! Forrard! On to a long swelling down we go, over the level for a space, and then a heavy breather up to the top; those

whose mounts are well shouldered have the best of it striding down the further slope. Through a network of dry watercourses, where the scent falls light, they hit it off on a grand level plateau beyond. Then we get a real good ding-dong gallop that soon polishes off our little field, and leaves us three alone to follow hounds, while praying that we too may not get left. The line has led us straight, without a swerve, towards a conical hill, whose pointed heath-clad top has often served us for a landmark; and hounds are tailing out a bit on the lower slopes as the line takes us round its base. Now Ranger, who is far ahead, swerves suddenly, then circles round, the others cast about. A check at last!

the first in thirty minutes. Ranter has it! but for a moment only; he brings it up a watercourse, and there's the earth before us in an overhanging bank.

It should be an easy one to dig, "had we but weapons handy." And so they are. Over the next rise there peeps some trees—the trees of Swartzkop Farm. George canters off, and soon is back with pick and spade. We link our three horses all together with their reins, and, while George and I proceed to dig, the Master holds the pack away.

Quick work we are making with the bank when, without a moment's warning, through a cloud of dust between us, there springs out the great red "Jack," and flies away before

the very noses of the pack. For one short instant they scarce realise the case, but then they swoop upon the line with a screaming chorus that would wake the dead. Indeed, it wakes something more important than the dead; it causes our horses to throw up their heads, and, without a moment's hesitation, to start in pursuit, in no little gaiety of heart at finding themselves without the usual burden of their riders. Helplessly we, in our turn, start to follow; but they are streaming away over the shoulder before us, while we, pounding in our top-boots through heavy grass and heather, find ourselves well pumped within a hundred yards. The hounds are gone, the horses top the sky-line, still tied head

to head, but galloping with all their might; they disappear, and after them, more faithful to the Master's horse than Master, there goes Colleen. They're gone! We pause, and, blowing hard, we make a few appropriate remarks. And then we turn to climb the peak in hopes, at least, of seeing how the hunt may end. We struggle up and clamber, none the better for our boots and spurs and feverish haste. Anon we pause for breath, when lo, *behind* us, the fox is pounding heavily up the hill! He has completely circled round it, and again is making for the earths that lie beside us. But close upon his brush there follows Ranger, ever to the fore, with all the ruck not many yards behind. Now Ranger's

THEY STREAM AWAY BEFORE US

almost on him ; he turns upon his foe.

Each rears on end with an angry worry at the other's throat, but in a second more the white and mottled avalanche is on them, and it is a struggling mass of tugging, growling hounds that we spring into with "Whowhoop !"

THE ORDEAL OF THE SPEAR

THE ORDEAL OF THE SPEAR

IN the deep shade of a mango tope, in the Meerut Kadir, a camp was pitched for the Christmas pig-sticking meet. Among some adjoining trees a few more tents formed the temporary home of some ladies who had come out to the jungle to witness the sport.

Among these were Edna Clay and her mother.

(Had they been English people

I should possibly have referred to them in the reverse order; but with Americans the relative importance of the members of a family is, as a rule, in an inverse ratio to that which obtains in England. The American fathers and brothers come at the back-end of the list, while the daughter of the house leads at the head.)

The Clays had been wintering in Meerut, where the good climate and the social cheeriness of the large military station contributed to make it an agreeable substitute for the usual Continental watering-places that form the habitat of Americans blizzarded out of their own country.

Having many friends among the 6th Hussars at Meerut, the ladies had

been readily persuaded to come and try what camp life was like, and to see a little of this wonderful sport which they found from experience was apt to draw men away from their most solemn engagements. "Pig-sticking" was a talisman that apparently entitled men to break off an acceptance to dinner, or to disappear in the middle of a dance, to drive off in their *dak gharri* to some distant meet.

The light rains which usually fell about Christmas-time had not come, consequently in the middle of the day the sun was powerful, and pig-sticking was only carried out in the mornings and afternoons.

To-day, although none of the heat of the midday sun was able to pene-

trate through the massive foliage of the mango-trees and the double fly of the roomy tent beneath them, Miss Edna seemed in a restless mood. She could not sit down to write, as her mother did, long screeds to their men-kind at home, nor was she gifted with the power to sketch the sunny view outside their door; her banjo lay neglected in its case, and the latest novels failed to-day to attract her.

"What is it, my dear?" asked the patient mother for the fourth time, looking up from her letter-writing.

"It is this, mamma. I am not going to leave India—I know it." She was standing at the moment, with her hands clasped behind her,

staring out at the sunlit scene; then she turned suddenly to her mother, and with unwonted vehemence exclaimed, "I've been a fool. I cannot help it. I have let myself fall in love. I never thought about it—I never foresaw it. And now——" she paused, looking out again across the sea of yellow grass.

Her mother had laid aside her pen and taken off her glasses, scarcely surprised, but beaming, anxious to hear more. "Well, my dear, and why not? I have long seen how he admires you. And as for not leaving India—that would be about the first thing you *would* do. He has told me how he wants to retire from the army as soon as he can get a good excuse—to go and live in his own

family mansion, a superb place from what——"

"Mamma," interrupts poor Edna, almost tearfully, "it is not 'the Devil' I am in love with—I wish it were! It is the 'Deep C.!'"

To say that she was taken aback would scarcely express the state of mind into which Mrs. Clay was thrown by this avowal. In vain she sought for words to express her protest; this match between her daughter and the Honourable Jack Austin, better known among his friends as "the Devil," she had fondly pictured to herself, and secretly and very cautiously had furthered to the best of her ability. For what other reason had she, at her time of life, left the comforts of a well-ordered house in

Meerut for the unknown ills of camp life, but that Jack Austin would be of the party of pig-stickers in whose company she and Edna were to be thrown? Her dream, which had seemed about to culminate in reality, had been shattered at one blow, and she could scarcely for the moment realise the fact.

"And the 'Deep C.' too—of all people!" This was Major Calvert of the 6th, a dark, handsome, but taciturn man. "Whatever could Edna see in him?" were points that suggested themselves to her mind.

"But, my dear child," she urged aloud, considerately putting in the second place that which she considered very much in the first, "Major Calvert is so—so staid; and

Mr. Austin is Lord Ravensham's heir, you know."

"I know, I know all that. And I like 'the Devil' better than I liked any one before. He is, for one thing, a gentleman. Only yesterday he was telling me all about his home and his people. His mother and sisters must be sweet. And I thought then how lovely it would be—but to-day, I see that it is impossible."

Edna here sank down into a low chair, and, after toying for an instant with a paper-knife, resumed her troubled gaze on the distant scene, resting her chin upon her hand.

The mother, in her confusion of mind, remained silent, and the girl presently continued her almost sad confession.

"Yes; I had always looked on Major Calvert as the best of my friends, as he was Mr. Austin's. Indeed," she added, with a slight laugh, "I would almost sooner have gone to him for advice in a difficulty than to you, mamma. With him I always felt that I was with an old friend. To-day, coming back from pig-sticking on the elephant with him, I was chaffing him for being so staid, when in reality his mind is full of fun. Then I saw a look cross his eyes that made me ask—without thinking—if he was in any trouble. He told me then the sad sorrowful little story of his life, which he has never spoken of, even to Mr. Austin. And when he told me that it was my kindness and sympathy had drawn

him out, I thought what a prize he would be to any one as her helpmeet for life. Now I know that I love him as I never cared for any man before. And yet"—with a fluttering sigh of a laugh—"I suppose he would not *look* at me!"

In the meantime, while this conversation was going on between Mrs. Clay and her daughter, in the neighbouring camp Jack Austin and Calvert were, by way of smoking together, in the latter's tent. I have never heard who first called them "the Devil" and the "Deep Sea." Though unlike each other in very many ways, they were an unusually good pair of friends. If you fell out with one—which was not an easy thing

to do—you fell out with both. Jack Austin, "the Devil," was a cheery, light-hearted, typical British subaltern, ready for any game that was going, while Major Calvert, "the Deep C.," though a keen sportsman and full of dry and—what is not always the same thing—kindly humour, was of a quiet disposition, avoiding rather than courting society, and was therefore credited with having some character below the surface. Many a man, indeed, has passed as a clever one before the world simply because he has been wise enough not to let out to what extent he is a fool.

Why the two men should have become such peculiarly good friends it is difficult to see, as theoretically

like to the like is the proper apposition; but, as a matter of fact, this does not work out in practice, where like with the unlike very often hit it off completely and satisfactorily. Such had, in fact, happened in this case.

In their tent this morning, after the events of the morning's pig-sticking had been discussed, there had been very little conversation between them; both had sat silently smoking for some time, which, after all, is the way of good friends. Suddenly the Devil broke the silence by exclaiming, "Look here, Bloggs"—Bloggs was the name by which he usually addressed Major Calvert when not on parade—"I am tired of soldiering. I've hung on a bit hoping

to see a little service, but British cavalry seem to be too carefully bottled up nowadays for one to have a chance of it. You have been lucky, and so, perhaps, you can't enter into my feelings. But that's how it is, and I'm going to send in my papers!"

"My dear chap, I quite agree with you about our fine old crusted cavalry, but a day may yet come! And besides, I don't see exactly why this sudden resolution, *now*, with the pig-sticking and polo tournament just coming on. You haven't had to do orderly officer 'more than three days a week on an average,' as Mr. Glimmer would say—what has put your back up?"

"Nothing has put my back up.

It's the other way. I'm going to ask Miss Clay to be my wife."

"Good heavens!" This came with so sharp a change of tone from Calvert that Austin almost jumped round in his chair to look at him.

"What is it, old chap? Do you know anything against it?" cried Austin.

"No—at least, not exactly—except that—well, I had intended to do the same thing myself."

"You!"

"Yes, but it never struck me that *you* were meaning anything that way. I never thought——"

Then both relapsed into silence for a moment, till Austin summed up the situation with the remark:

"Well, by gum, we are in a queer hat! What is to be done?"

There was then a silence for so long that Austin, coming back to the actual situation first, exclaimed, "Bloggs, are you asleep?" Calvert, who was lying back in an armchair, no longer smoking, merely flung back the word with some scorn in his tone, "A-sleep!"

The Devil, finding that he had an audience, proceeded to give out his views: "Well, I've been thinking it over, and I don't see a way out of the difficulty. You haven't asked her, you say; have you broken ground at all?"

"Yes, I have in a way broken the ice."

"Well, then, we're no better off

than before. For I've been preparing her by telling her all about my people and prospects, and so on, though I've not asked her right out. But it seems to me she is very young, you know, and you're getting on a bit——"

"Thanks, Jack, but I'm not so old as all that; and even if she took a man of my age, it would be better for her than being shackled on to a flighty young Devil like you."

The Devil gave up this argument with a sigh, and lay back in his chair with his arms behind his head, staring at the ceiling for further inspiration.

Presently Calvert continued: "No, my boy, I am perfectly fixed on it. But are you quite sure that *you* mean

business? May it not be with you one of those fascinations which you'll allow *do* come to you now and then?"

"No; in those affairs I never speak of my people and prospects," retorted the Devil with proper pride.

"Quite right. I even found a difficulty in speaking of my prospects, so gave her more of my past, from which she could herself evolve my character."

"Your past! Oh, by George! then I give in. A man with a past is a hopeless chap to contend against. A girl will jump at him like a trout at a fly; she don't care what his future is likely to be provided he has got a past. Well, it seems to me that we are as we were."

"We shall have to leave it to her to decide. But, look here, it is tea-time over there; we ought to be going. I don't see any use in cutting each other's throats over it; but it *is* a hat!"

A few minutes later they were wending their way across to the ladies' camp, when Austin, who had been silent for some time, suddenly stopped Calvert and excitedly began, "Bloggs, I see a way! I was thinking how evenly matched we are at this new game, just as we are said to be at polo and pig-sticking. If we leave the settlement of the thing to her we shall be working against each other all the time, we shall both ask her, which will be very uncomfortable for her, and she'll have to say

'No' to one of us, which will be d——d uncomfortable for *him*. One is almost inclined to draw lots about it, but that is so jolly unsatisfactory for the loser. What do you say to having a match after a pig, you and I, and whoever wins to have first right to ask her? I'm lighter than you, but then they say that a man over thirty is better at pig-sticking and polo than a young 'un, so that about makes us level. Your little Arab is——"

Calvert, who had smiled curiously at this new idea of the boy's, while his eyes sparkled at the sporting smack of it, now suddenly grasped Jack's hand and laughingly said, "Right you are, old boy; let's have it that way. The ordeal of the spear

shall decide who has the first right to ask her."

That night at dinner it was known that "the Devil" and the "Deep C." were to ride a match after pig for a wager the following morning. An umpire was detailed to start them and to see fair play. Bets were made among such sportsmen as were that way inclined according to their several fancies, but on every hand it was admitted that there was not much to choose between the two competitors.

At an early hour the beat was under way. The line of beaters was backed up by an imposing show of elephants. Upon these were mounted most of the sportsmen who were keen to see this match run off. In

front of the centre of the line rode Jack Austin on his keen little Waler mare, "Lovelei," and Major Calvert on his Arab "Kismet," and in close attendance rode "old" Baynton, the collector of the district, a veteran hand at the game, and still hard to beat as a straight-going, deadly man after a pig.

The ladies were not yet out, but an elephant had been left at their camp to bring them on when ready.

The line slowly and quietly beat its way through the long grass of the Kadir plain, working gradually away from the tree jungle and the nullahs that fringe the edge of it. A few small pig were soon afoot, but nothing that Baynton considered rideable.

Suddenly there arises a loud yelling from the beaters on the extreme flank of the line. Old Lutchman, the shikari, knowing of the match, is for once in his life excited. Standing on his elephant he holloas the party on, "*Wuh jata hai! burra dant-wallah!*"

Baynton, clapping spurs to his horse, leads the way in the direction indicated, closely followed by the two riders. In a minute or so he is able to point out to them the form of a fine young boar louping away through the yellow grass, back in the direction of the nullahs.

"Do you all see him?" he cries: "then, ride!" And away go Jack and Calvert with an even start.

The pig has got a good offing, and

LUTCHMAN, THE SHIKARI, STANDING ON HIS ELEPHANT, HALLOAS THE PARTY ON

is going at a very fair pace, so that they have a long, straight gallop before them to begin with. What are their thoughts at this moment it is hard to say, but possibly the sense of the importance of the occasion is already drowned in the more palpable delight of a racing gallop with the game in view.

That they are both putting on an extra turn of speed is evident from the way they are leaving old Baynton behind, though he is by no means undermounted. Gradually, however, slowly and surely the weight begins to tell, and Jack shows a little ahead of his rival. Elated he presses on, steadily improving his lead.

They are now nearing the boar, and he, laying back his ears and

giving a backward glance from the tail of his eye, cracks on his better pace and leads them a burster.

Closer and closer to him draws Jack on Lovelei, with Calvert some three or four lengths behind.

Now Jack gets ready his spear, and letting in knees and spurs, lifts Lovelei with a rush to the pig. At the same time the boar seems for a second to shorten his stride, but the next moment, when the horse is at its fastest and he at his most collected pace, he suddenly shoots off at right angles to his line, thereby gaining several lengths before his pursuer can turn. But this manœuvre lets up the second man ; Calvert, quickly turning on to the new line, now rides the boar. Gradually and

steadily he comes up to him; his spear is ready; the boar pricks his ears and gallops high as he shortens his stride. Calvert knows that a "jink" is coming, collects his horse, and is ready for it when the pig suddenly turns across his front. Round he comes on the instant in the same direction, and Jack, who is close behind, similarly turns to the left; but before they have gone two strides the pig twists abruptly round again and leaves them both several lengths to the bad as once more he heads for the nullahs.

Again it is a neck-and-neck race between the two riders, Calvert having a little the best of the start. Indeed, it is a ding-dong race between all three, for the boar has his head

set for the tree-jungle, which is now not far distant, and he knows that there lies his only chance of escape.

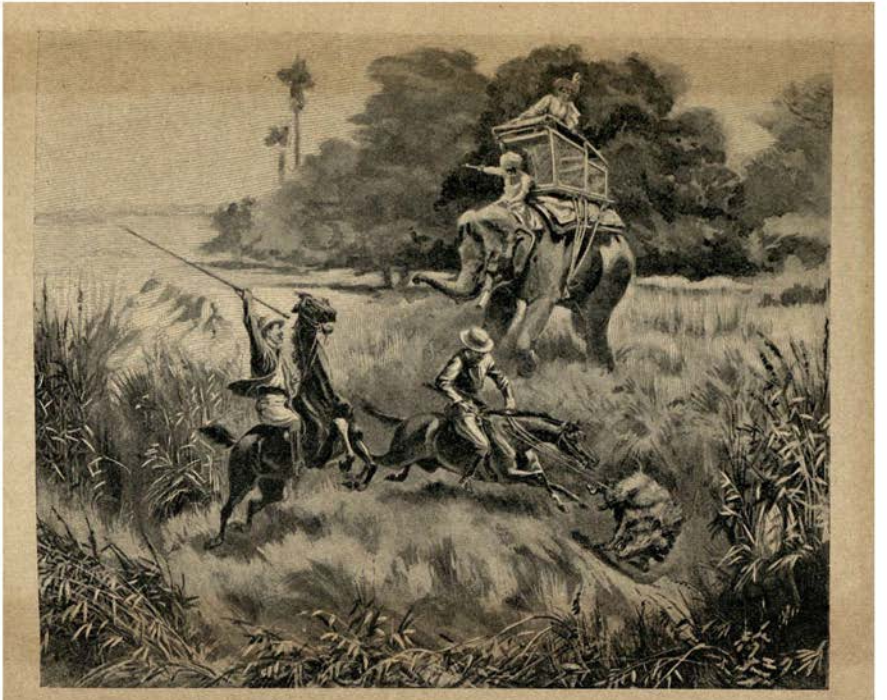
As they near the jungle, the elephant bearing Miss Clay comes out from among the trees, and she thus has an excellent view of the race, though little she knows how much its issue may affect her own future. Calvert is closing on the pig, and another stride or two should land him within spearing distance, when suddenly — whether in a buffalo-wallow or over a hard tussock— Kismet pecks heavily, almost on to his head; but though he recovers himself in a trice, the momentary check lets up Jack on Lovelei. Nor is he slow to take his chance; cramming his horse to the front with

one extra spurt, he comes on the pig with a rush, and leaning low he drives his spear-point into the burly flank. It is not a good spear, but it counts as "first."

At this moment for the first time he sees that Miss Clay, now close above them, is spectator of the game. The magnitude of what he had, in winning first spear, won, now dawns upon him, and as he tosses high his spear, his lungs give vent to an ear-piercing "who-hoop" of exultation.

Calvert, probably too engrossed in the matter in hand to realise his loss, dashes in, and with a crashing stroke rolls the boar head over heels. But the trees are near; the pig is up again and quickly in among them.

Here he gains a little on the men until an open glade is reached, where, finding that they press him still, he turns, and beginning with a shambling trot, breaks into a gallop, and with ears pricked and fire in his eye comes in at the charge. It is met with all the shock of a firmly held spear and a fast-moving horse, and he reels back repulsed but not daunted; a second time he hurls himself against a foe, and a second time the deadly spear crashes into him. He can do no more. Disabled, he sinks on his haunches, his jaws, champing in anger, drop foam and blood. As his enemies once more approach he turns to face them, his little eyes gleaming red with rage, but he cannot rise, and a



CALVERT ROLLS THE BOAR HEAD OVER HEELS WITH A CRASHING STROKE

merciful spear through the heart drops the gallant beast dead.

While Jack is loosing Lovelei's girths, he feels a kindly pat on the shoulder as Calvert says to him, "Well done, old boy; go in and try your luck. It was a good run, wasn't it?"

* * * *

As they led their tired horses slowly back towards the open a native came hurriedly towards them from some neighbouring huts. With a scared face he told his story.

In a few minutes they were standing beside the body as it lay upon a common native charpoy. She looked almost as if she were resting after a bout of tennis. Her white frock and gay silk blouse were fresh

and scarcely dishevelled; but there was an awkward uprightness about the small brown shoes; her form seemed flattened down into the cot, and the unnatural sternness about the waxen face, with its half-closed eyes and parted lips, showed that Edna Clay was dead.

Her elephant, frightened at the final rush and turmoil of the race, had turned and fled among the trees, to the instant destruction of the howdah and its occupant.

SHE LOOKED ALMOST AS IF SHE WERE RESTING AFTER A BOUT OF TENNIS

THE SPORT OF RAJAHS

THE SPORT OF RAJAHS

IN the smoking-room at Norreys Court, the other night, we had a great pig-sticking "buck."

As is usual where a few Britons are gathered together, several of the party had visited India and knew something of the subject, but it struck me forcibly how ignorant, as a rule, are home-keeping sportsmen of this and kindred Eastern sports.

They seem to understand that some sort of sunshine of sport lies behind the veil of distance which separates England from India, but it is only occasionally that a ray breaks through the cloud—in the shape of a book or article—and gives them a glint of the glamour that lies beyond. India, in the matter of sport, has stood the test of time far better than any of her rivals. In early ages India and America proved equally attractive to adventurous sportsmen. But in America bison, grizzly, deer, and Redskin came to be gradually and effectively wiped out under the deadly bead-drawing of "Old Rube" and his kind.

Then arose South Africa as a rival, and although her day has been a

happy one, its sun is setting ; ere the next century has well begun, advancing civilisation and improved breechloaders will have cleared off the elephant, rhino, lion, and buck that have made Africa so happy a hunting-ground these past sixty years.

Yet India still maintains her head of game, and bids fair to do so for many years to come. From the North, with its Oves ammon and poli, bears and ibex, to the South, with its tiger, buffalo, sambur, and boar, the sportsman finds game worthy of his steel, in addition to abundance of the lesser kind of buck and bird, and fish and fowl. But, as an old doggerel has it,

> The sport that beats them o'er and o'er
> Is that wherein we hunt the boar.

THE SPORT OF RAJAHS

Pig-sticking is the acknowledged king of Eastern sports, and there are many reasons why it should and must be so.

For one thing, it demands the assistance of the horse, and this in itself commends it more particularly to the Anglo-Saxon race. Then it is one of the few sports in which the hunter is almost always associated with others of his kind. In most big-game expeditions the shooter is attended only by a few trackers or beaters — more guns would spoil sport; and, although there may be, and is, a certain charm for a time in such solitary life, yet eventually the sportsman cannot but long for companionship of his fellows in his evening camp. Nor is it good for a

THE KING OF EASTERN SPORTS

man to become accustomed to a solitary life ; Englishmen are already misanthropical and reserved enough in all conscience, without such further training. In pig-sticking, on the other hand, the hunters live, and move, and hunt in parties ; and yet individual excellence is as necessary as ever to success, while it gains the additional spice born of friendly rivalry with one's fellows.

Again, the risks and chances, which after all form a great part of the charm of most wild sports, are in pig-sticking incomparably greater than those in ordinary tiger-shooting ; that is to say, tiger-shooting from an elephant, for I do not look on that carried out on foot as

anything but foolhardiness, except under special circumstances.

Moreover, the quarry is not only fast and crafty, but he is also plucky, powerful, and cruel; he enters fully into the spirit of the chase, and he will generally give you a good fight as well as a good run for your money.

That pig-sticking has an affinity to the sport of all true British sportsmen—viz., fox-hunting—cannot be denied, but that there exists a neck-and-neck resemblance between them is not so easy to see. Yet much midnight oil and gas, liquid and tobacco smoke, have been consumed in country-house billiard-rooms over the discussion and comparison of their respective merits.

As a matter of fact, pig-sticking may equally claim an affinity with polo and with racing. And to the glorious attractions of these it adds a taste of the best of all hunts—namely, the pursuit, with a good weapon in your hand, of an enemy whom you want to kill.

In pig-sticking every man *rides to hunt*, whereas in fox-hunting the majority (although for some occult reason they will seldom own to it) *hunt to ride*. The first part of a pig-sticking run partakes rather of the nature of a point-to-point race, since each man is endeavouring to be first to come up with the pig, and so to gain the honours of the run; and, while keeping one eye on the object in view, he has to keep the other on

the doings of his rivals, so far as the elation of a glorious gallop will allow him.

When the "first spear" has been won, the dodging and turning and quick rallies required for fighting the boar have no little resemblance to the galloping *mêlée* of the polo-field, till, with your worser passions roused as the grizzled old tusker pits himself against you, you meet charge with charge, and, blind to all else but the strong and angered foe before you, with your good spear in your hand, you rush for blood with all the ecstasy of a fight to the death. And then:

All's blood, and dust, and grunted curses.

Well—this is a different thing from the pleasurable enjoyment to be

derived from a gallop with hounds in a peaceful English county. Yet in the Indian sport—for all its excitement—you do not get the home surroundings, the stretching gallop over fences and grass, the keen air, the neighbourly pageant, and all the halo of Old Englishness that go to make fox-hunting the lovable sport it is. Indeed it is only after testing other sports that you really appreciate to the full the beauty of this more homely one.

I suppose that in all the notable events of a man's life he remembers his first better than any subsequent experience. On me personally my first hog-hunting day is very indelibly impressed: not that it was a specially eventful day as hog-hunting days go,

but the novelty of the sport appealed to me very forcibly, and the picture remains. I see now the sunny yellow grass jungle, and the brown, strong-shadowed coolies beating through it with their discordant jangle of cries and drums. Suddenly a "sounder" of smallish pig tumble out and file away across the open. My first view of wild pig, and a most disappointing one! Was this, then, the "mighty boar" they talked of so much? But a moment later a form, that at first looked like that of a donkey, caught my eye as he stood surveying the country from the edge of the jungle. This *was* a boar. He was watching one of our keenest beginners restlessly hovering about in a way that would have successfully headed back

any timid-minded animal; but this boar was an old warrior; with an inquisitive look he stepped into the open and trotted towards our trio; a moment later he started into a louping gallop with ears pricked forward and head low, and before our friend could manage to turn his spear in the enemy's direction the pig had dashed in, cut his horse's legs from under him, and had sent steed and rider rolling in the dust. Then he turned with a knowing shake of his head, and trotted gaily back to the cover, whence all further persuasion failed to move him.

Later on a party of us, all griffins, got away after a full-sized pig; in turn we managed to get up to him and to plant our spears in his body

and back; but we planted and left them there as beginners are prone to do, so that in a few minutes our pig somewhat resembled the fretful porcupine or a giant pincushion, while we could only ride near him empty-handed. Whenever he faced us we fled, not exactly from fear, but from a desire to save our teeth and noses from the leaded spear-butts that nodded and swayed above him. Finally, getting tired of the sport, he dropped a spear, which enabled us to give him his *coup de grâce*. And then, to our horror, we discovered that he was not a "he," but a "she," after all! And so heinous a crime is the killing of a sow that we swore to keep our misadventure dark, although we had every excuse for

our mistake, since she looked all over like a boar and, as is often the case with barren sows, carried tushes. The crime happened many years ago, but the shame of it has hung over my life ever since, and now in confessing to it openly for the first time I feel a heavy cloud is lifted from my conscience.

Among the several spears hanging in honourable retirement on my wall there is one whose shaft is split for some three out of its six feet of length. And by that split there hangs a tale.

Two of us were out in camp together, more for shooting than for pig-sticking; still we had our horses and spears with us. Our tents were pitched in a delightful spot on the

high-wooded bank of the Jumna. Close to us lay our hunting-ground, rough grass country with occasional strips of thick jungle and frequent "nullahs" or dry watercourses. A preliminary glance at the ground overnight revealed signs of pig—in acres of upturned earth—so abundantly that we were forced to forego our shooting for the first day in favour of trying for a boar instead.

Thus the early dawn found Naylor and myself posted at the point of one of the covers, while the coolies began to beat it from the farther end. Waiting in a state of keen expectancy, we could hear their shouts drawing slowly nearer and nearer, and our horses' hearts were beating quick and tremulous between our knees.

Suddenly both horses fling round their heads with ears pricked ; they are trembling in every limb with excitement. There he stands—not thirty yards from us—a grand grey boar with yellow curling tushes, and his cunning savage little eye glistening in the broad morning sunlight. He is listening to the distant sounds of the beaters, and does not see us. We—scarce daring to breathe—sit motionless as statues, with all our eyes, all our senses fixed on him. He moves a few paces forward, and pauses again to listen. Will he never go ?

At last an extra loud chorus from the approaching line decides him ; he swings round, trots for a few paces, and then breaks into a rough

tumbling canter away across the open.

Now we cautiously gather up our reins, slide our feet home, and prepare to follow so soon as he has got sufficiently far from the cover as not to be tempted to double back on finding himself hunted. It is a case of Mr. Jorrocks counting twenty-one very much drawn out, till Naylor at length gives the word to go, and we bound away together after the great louping form now distant a good quarter of a mile away over the yellow grass. Our horses are mad keen for the fray, and as one tears through the fresh cool air all bodily weight seems to leave one's extremities and to be concentrated into a great heartful of elation. One realises

then how good it is to be alive. On we go with little to check our pace but an occasional grip to fly; presently, however, my horse begins to show that, whatever my own impressions may be, he, at any rate, does not realise any material change in my actual avoirdupois, and I gradually find myself dropping behind Naylor in the race. Nearer and nearer we draw to the pig, and at last Naylor turns his spear (we are riding with the short or over-hand jobbing spear) ready to take the first blood.

But there's many a slip. The old pig is still cantering along in his deliberate yet far-reaching stride, looking to a novice as though he had not seen us; but *he* knows, his ears are laid back, and one eye or the other

is continuously glancing behind him to watch our moves.

At last Naylor's chance comes. Closer and closer he edges to the boar; an extra spurt, and he is nearly on to him. The boar gives a half-turn to the right, and quick as thought Naylor's horse has turned with him—but the boar's half-turn is but for one stride; in the next he whips round at a right angle to his former course, and Naylor's spear-head dives bloodless into the sand a yard behind him. Riding twenty yards behind Naylor I am able to turn my horse more rapidly on to the new direction, and I gain a good start by cutting the corner to head my quarry. As I approach his intended line the boar cocks his ears,

alters his course a point *towards* me, and, as though projected by some hidden spring, is suddenly close under my horse's girths. My spear-point is just down in time ; by good luck rather than good management it plunges in between his shoulder-blades, and I crash it down with all my force, while my horse cleverly jumps the snorting monster. But the spear is jammed in the boar, and as he rushes beneath me he tears it from my hand, and staggers onward with the shaft standing on him. Nor does he go far, for his blood is up, and when Naylor hastens gaily after him, intent to kill, the enraged old brute turns staunchly to him and, with every bristle pricked and tushes chapping, makes towards his enemy.

But Naylor's horse, with staring eyes and frightened snort, whips sharply round, and will not face this fearsome foe. For a moment the pig marks the man's discomfiture, and then turns to profit by it. At a sturdy trot he pursues his way towards the jungle looming large ahead. Once more, and yet again, does Naylor try a fresh attack, always with the same result. Each defeat, however, has brought the boar much nearer to his refuge, so as a last resource I take over Naylor's spear and press with all the speed I can command to overtake the pig. He has but twenty yards to go when I am on him. He flies along, nor deigns to turn. Ah, friend, I have thee now, upon the hip! I close

THE HUNTERS HUNTED

with him, and jam the spear down fiercely on his burly back ; the spear-head slips aside. Again I try, with like result, and an instant later the thorny bushes close behind him and bar my farther way.

We quickly make our plans, and, posting ourselves *en vedette* on either side of the cover in which he hides, we watch against his least attempt at escape.

Presently the coolies join us, and while one goes back to the camp for a fresh spear for me, we get the blunt one fined upon a local sharpening-stone. A grateful interval of refreshment, and then, re-armed and rested, we set the beaters on to drive him forth once more. But this is no easy job. He cares not for their drums

and threats, but when they near him charges and breaks through their line, to nestle into some thick bush behind them. They turn again and treat him to an infernal serenade. Suddenly their monotonous yelling takes another tone; there is a confused babble of talking, a hush, and then a succession of somewhat more coherent shouts, from which we can gather that "old Buldoo is killed by the boar." The beating ceases, and the coolies come huddling out of the bushes carrying one of their number between them. Of course he is not killed, nor anything like it; but his friends hope that he is, seeing in his decease a possible division among them of eighty rupees consolation money from us sahibs. Poor Buldoo

has, however, a horrid circular gash inside the thigh, which has lifted a flap of flesh from a sufficient depth to show the bone. Such a wound on a white man would make a ghastly show, but not so on the darker Hindu skin, nor indeed is there much flow of blood. Such as there is we soon stop, and, using the needles and silk, carbolic, and compress from the handy little St. John's Ambulance wallet in our belt, we soon have him well patched up and homeward bound, comfortably installed upon a native bedstead from a neighbouring melon-gardener's hut.

Then for the first time my shikari steps forward, grinning, and holding in his hand the spear I had lost in

the pig. The boar, in charging Buldoo, had brushed close past himself, so that he was able to grip the spear with both hands and to wrench it out. But the shaft was split beyond repair. Once more the coolies form to beat the cover, and, whether it is some innate pluck or a stoical submission to fate that guides them, one cannot but admire the way in which they proceed, unarmed and on foot, to tackle a brute who has ten to one the best of them in the jungle. Naylor, too, dismounts, and is going in with them, spear in hand, leaving me to ride the boar should he break; but at this moment excited shouting from a shepherd on a neighbouring knoll informs us that our wily quarry has taken advantage

HE WAS ABLE TO GRIP THE SPEAR

of our preoccupation and has quietly slipped away. In a few seconds we are on the knoll, and thence we see our friend lobbing away across the plain (as Mr. Cruickshank used so expressively to describe it), "like a carpet-bag tumbling along end over end." For a second time we have a glorious but an all too short burst in the open, and again Naylor forges well ahead of me. However, the pig is in no humour to give us a gallop; when he finds that we are overtaking him, he stiffens his stride, and, dodging in his course for a moment or two, he suddenly turns and comes at Naylor "like a thousand of bricks," "with murder in his eye." But he has not reckoned on the sharpened spear, and as he bounds

for the horse with his head on one side to deliver the gash of his razor-sharp tusk, the spear-point catches him fair in the shoulder and rolls him over in the dust. He is on his legs again immediately, and, furious with rage, turns and comes at once for me. He is a grand specimen of sturdy savage pluck as he bristles up large towards me; but he gives one little time for admiration as he plunges headlong at the horse. A good point into his back scarcely stops the impetus of his rush, and a quick upward twist of his head, as if merely to look at me, results in an ugly slit in my horse's shoulder. But the boar himself is now sorely stricken. Close to him is one of those curses of the Indian hunting

countries, a deep "nullah" or dry watercourse some twenty feet wide and ten feet deep, with steep sides. Into this he plunges, and when we reach the edge we see him creeping into the cover of a big thorn-bush in the bottom. We note that immediately above the bush the sides have toppled in and have completely blocked the ravine. So, moving a few yards down the bank, we dismount, leave our horses, and scramble down, spear in hand, into the bottom of the nullah. Then we advance shoulder to shoulder towards the bush, and from a distance of ten yards or so we hurl two or three clods into it. Presently there is a rustle, and our friend quietly sneaks out on the far side, trotting lamely

up the nullah till he finds his road barred by the fallen walls. Then he turns and faces us, his little eyes sparkling red with rage, blood welling and glistening down his shoulder, his broad nose dry and dusty, and blood and slime dropping from his panting jaws. His picture is photographed on my mind, but the photograph is an instantaneous one; for in a moment more his ears are pricked, his mane is on end, and he comes towards us at a shambling trot; at five yards distance he changes to a gallop, and rushes blindly at us. Our spears are low, there is a shock, we are both hurled back against the side of the ravine. Then in the cloud of dust we see the boar on his knees at our feet,

both spears planted in his chest and shoulder. He essays to rise, but falls back upon his side, and one more spear-thrust into his heart finishes off as game a boar as ever ran.

Well! this is not fox-hunting, but it is something that is very good.

In regimental orders one evening there appeared the notice that the regiment was to parade, mounted, next morning at daybreak, carrying full water-bottles and ten rounds of blank ammunition per man; rations to go out by cart; and, last but not least, "officers and troop sergeant-majors may carry hog-spears in place of swords." A most unique and eventful field-day resulted.

The jungle, a large tract of heavy grass and jhow (tamarisk) bush, was

attacked with all military precaution and completeness.

The regiment proceeded through it in line at half-open files; patrols of four officers each were posted or moved well in advance of the line, so that when a boar was scared by the noise of the approaching line, then one of these patrols nearest to him would ride after him and endeavour to bring him to account.

So successful was the operation that in a short time each of the parties was away after its separate boar. Still pigs were seen to be running away ahead of the line with no one to hunt them, till the colonel, who had hitherto been directing the operations generally, gave the order for certain non-commissioned officers

TOMMY ATKINS PIG-STICKING

to take patrols of men with them and see what they could do with their swords against the pigs. In a short time several of such parties were to be seen scouring across country in full pursuit of the common foe. To say that they enjoyed it would in no way express their excitement and delight.

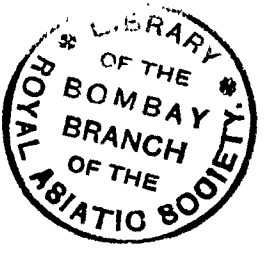
> They galloped here, they galloped there,
> They fought, they swore, they sweated.

In a word, they had a glorious time, albeit when the "Rally" sounded the bag—beyond those killed by the spear parties—was not a large one. Still, when all was over, the horses groomed and fed, and the men at their dinners and free to talk, the babel in the bivouac was almost ludicrous, since every man at once

was keen to tell his tale of personal adventure with the Indian pig. Here one was stating how his troop-mare, C 16, had turned her tail upon the advancing foe, and with her iron-shod heels had sent his front teeth rattling down his throat. And there another, a budding Munchausen, was relating how he stood the attack of "not only one, but four bloomin' swine, all of a go," and how all single-handed and alone he had beaten them off. It was a day that was talked of for months afterwards in the regiment; and though this one experience can have done no more than give the men a momentary taste of the ecstasy of a fighting gallop, pig-sticking is nevertheless *par excellence* a soldier's sport; it

tests, develops, and sustains his best service qualities, and stands without rival as a training-school for officers; nor is it ever likely to languish for want of votaries so long as boars and Britons continue to exist.

HADJ ANO



HADJ ANO

HE sun had set and darkness was coming on apace by the time we sighted the welcome lights of Brown's farm.

It was the second evening after landing in Tunisia, and the previous two days had been spent in journeying hither from Bizerta, through delays incident to mud, swollen rivers, poor mounts, and erratic guides.

"We" consisted of my interpreter-servant and myself. He was a Mal-

tese whom I had taken on at Bizerta on the recommendation that he knew Arabic and had been a fireman on board an English steamer. He only joined me just as I was starting on the march with my two ponies. I presently found that his Arabic was merely the Maltese dialect of it, and his English was limited entirely to such words as he had been accustomed to hear in his capacity as stoker; he had a very fairly complete vocabulary of oaths, and a few such phrases as "Stoke up," "Bank the fires," "Go ahead," "Stop her," and so on. It is true he had one extraneous English sentence, "She walks in the street," but this he used more as a form of salutation than anything else.

"Stoke up" came to mean, with us, "Pack up and march"; "Bank the fires" implied we might halt and encamp; and with this limited language, eked out with signs, we got along very well—all things considered. At any rate, we succeeded in arriving at the right place—wet and tired, it is true, but satisfied in the result.

On reaching the farm I found a note from Brown bidding me welcome, and explaining that in his enforced absence in Tunis two French officers, who were also guests of his, would be glad to help me in the matter of sport. The officers, in fact, received me at the door, and did the honours of the house with the greatest goodwill;

but I missed from the scene the familiar form of Hadj Ano, whom I had known there on previous visits. He was an educated, high-caste Arab, who acted as farm bailiff to Brown. He was an Algerian Arab, and therefore a sportsman and a gentleman, and very far superior to the more servile local Tunisian natives.

The following morning, soon after dawn, saw us on our way to the snipe ground which lay at the foot of Jebel Ishkel. This was a mountain whose purple crags rose high above the plain, very much like Gibraltar in appearance.

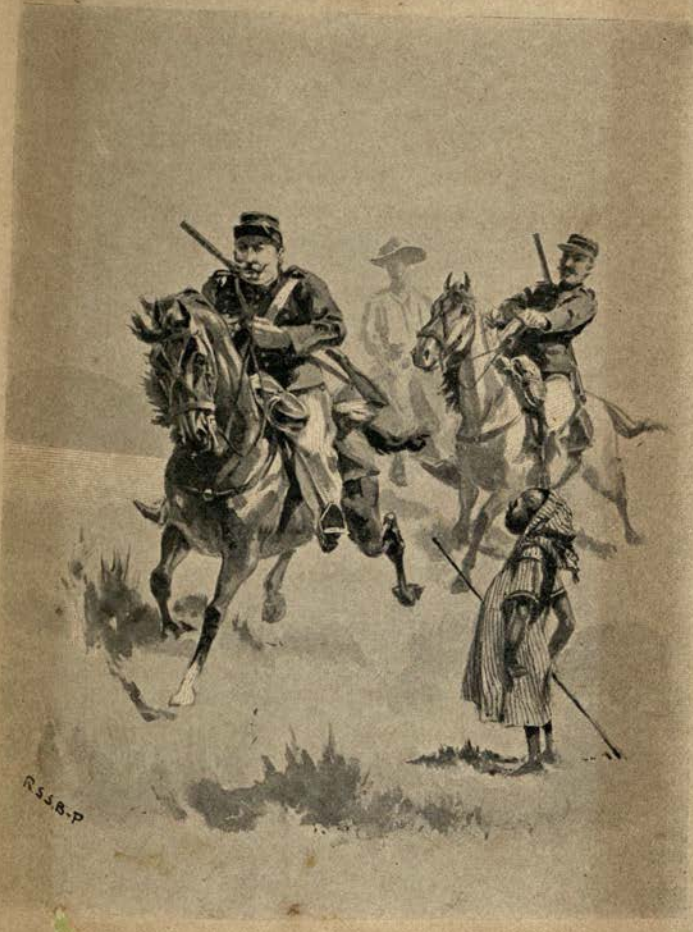
What curiosities to me my French companions were! And I, no doubt, was equally an object of interest to

them. Their get-up for snipe-shooting was their uniform képi and jacket, with baggy linen overalls, and capacious game-bags and guns slung on their backs, and they rode their corky, half-bred stallions in regimental saddles.

The open yellow grass plains and the distant rounded mountains, in the crisp, clear atmosphere of the early morning, brought out a strong resemblance between this northernmost part of Africa and its southern extremity. As I jogged along with my two foreign companions, I seemed to be once more with my old Boer friends starting out on shooting horses for the veldt. But instead of the silent whiffing of Boer tobacco there came from my com-

panions an incessant jabber, and a string of questions as to whether, in passing through Paris and Marseilles, I had seen this or that singer or danseuse, and what were the latest stories now being told.

This seemed to be the only interest, not only of this pair, but of half the officers one met in the colony. My present friends were a captain and his subaltern, both of them far older than would be the case in the similar grades in our army, and the captain was pretty well furnished with adipose tissue. Probably both of them had risen from the ranks; at any rate, their intellectual training was not of a very high order, and their ability as horsemen was on a par with it.



THE CAPTAIN, WHO WAS LEADING, PUSHED IN FIRST

Presently we reached a river which had to be crossed before we came on our ground; it was about fifty yards wide, and just fordable by a man on horseback. The captain, who was leading, pushed in first, while Pierre, the subaltern, jibbed on the bank. As the captain's horse began to clamber up the far bank he placed his back at such an inconsiderate angle as to permit of the rider slipping off over his tail into the muddy stream. Having thus deposited his burden, the horse turned round and recrossed to rejoin us. As he ranged up near me I caught him and led him over again. Meantime Pierre was still niggling vainly at his mount, which steadily declined to brave the water, and even-

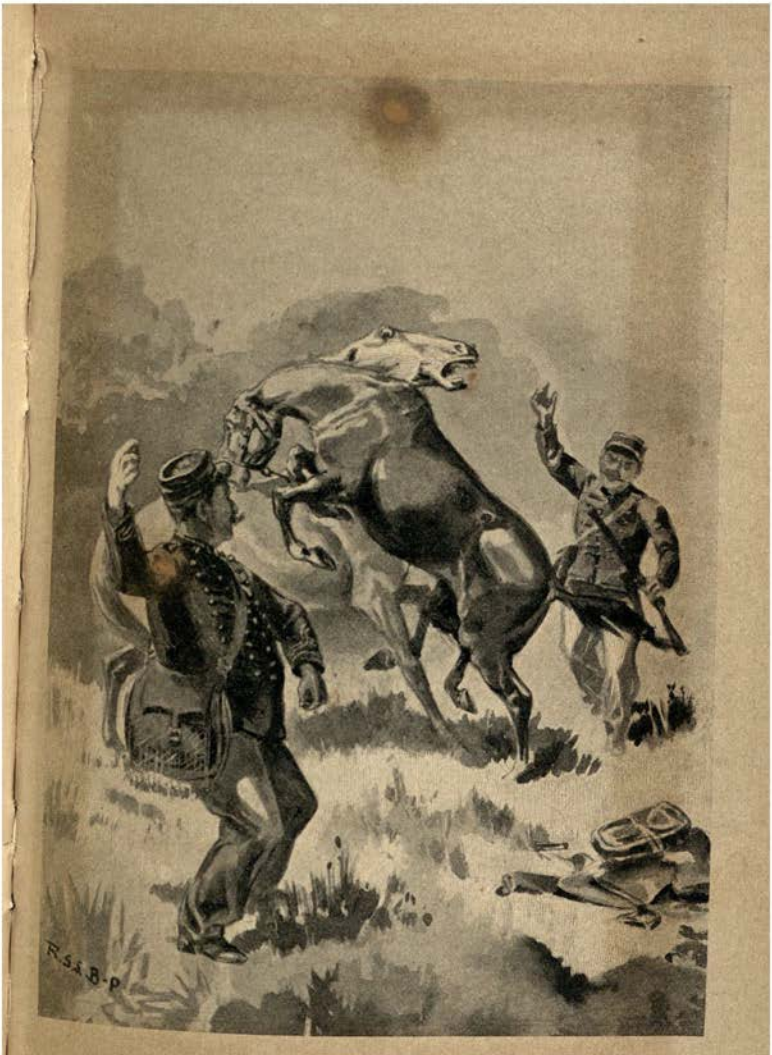
tually I had to go back and fetch him along.

At last we arrived near the snipe ground, and, when we had off-saddled and tied up our horses, we started to walk the bog in line. We had hardly taken our places before the birds began jumping up in front of us, and the promise of sport raised our spirits to the highest; still, the birds were wild, and at first my shots were few and far between. Not so those of the Frenchmen, who fired on sight at every bird, distance being no object. But suddenly our sport was interrupted: a fiendish noise of neighing, screams, and snorting rose from the group of bushes where we had left our horses. The captain, who was nearest to that

point, climbed on to the intervening bank, and, giving a mighty yell, dashed forward in the direction of the noise, quickly followed by Pierre and myself. And then we found that Pierre's horse had slipped his head-collar and the captain's had broken away from the twig to which he had been tied, and the pair of them were now having a good set-to—hoof and tooth—as hard as they could go. It was a great fight, and was all the more amusing to watch, as the two owners kept skipping round, at a very safe distance, hurling stones and abuse with equal futility at their pugilistic quads.

At length, by using huge branches, we succeeded in separating and securing the combatants; and although

they were covered with scratches, bites, and contusions—happily none of them were very serious—having tied them properly and out of sight of one another, we once more resumed our shoot. But it was in reality a hopeless game, for as we walked on we had to wait continually for one or other of the Frenchmen. The fat one was a slow mover, and the other was desperately afraid of getting bogged; both talked incessantly at the top of their voices, and fired whenever they could find an excuse; consequently the snipe, of which there appeared to be any number, kept jumping up at eighty yards in front of us in a most disgusting manner. However, I noticed with great satisfaction that they did



IT WAS A GREAT FIGHT

not go far; the majority of them pitched again in the end of the long narrow bog we were walking.

Presently Pierre, through excessive caution, got bogged; finding the ground on which he was standing quaky and yielding, he had stood still, fearing to move in any direction instead of stepping off; and when he felt himself sinking his first act was to jam his gun-muzzle downwards into the mud, and his second to issue a succession of piercing yells which speedily brought us to his assistance. We soon lugged him and his gun from the slime—which, after all, was not by any means a dangerous bog—and deposited him on the bank to recover. Presently he reported himself fit to proceed, but he elected to

move in line with us, remaining himself on *terra firma.* I earnestly begged silence now, as we were drawing up to the end of the beat, and for a short distance all went well save for the noisy floundering of the captain, who was rapidly getting rather done in spite of our slow pace through the hummocky reeds.

Presently a great common heavy hawk flapped his way lazily over—a shout of warning from Pierre, and bang! bang! bang! bang!—four barrels of snipe-shot at fifty yards' distance had the effect of making him smile as he winked the other eye. It did not make me smile, especially when one of them, noticing that I had not taken part in the volley, said, in a tone of remon-

strance, "Surely it amuses to shoot the large bird ?" But I had my eye the while on the smaller bird, Mr. Snipe, and I could see him slipping away in twos and threes, and soaring high for a distant flight.

At length, step by step, we drew up towards the end of the beat—it would soon be a matter for standing still to let the birds get up one by one: slower and slower we went. Suddenly Pierre on the bank began a hurried appeal at the top of his voice to us to come for a real chance of "gibier," and he started running along the bank past the end of the bog; a moment later and the captain was pounding and splashing after him straight through the middle of the cover. Snipe were rising like a

cloud of flies all round him; the air was full of their "scape" of alarm. For a moment or two I could not find words adequate to the occasion, and then I took myself, figuratively speaking, by the throat and held myself down till I was calmer.

And what are these two idiots after? I looked over the bank to see them stalking with elaborate precaution towards a bush on which were perched a flock of starlings! I left them to their fun, and walked back myself through the bog, and succeeded in getting a few shots at birds we had walked over, and found myself with three couple in the bag by the time I got back to the horses.

Here I was presently joined by my friends, who had succeeded in getting

a brace and a half of starlings, half a couple of snipe, and the same number of greenfinches.

Then we saddled up and recrossed the river, this time without accident. Then when I proposed trying another little bog I knew of, the Frenchmen would not hear of it—for one thing they were evidently quite beat with their exercise up to date, and for another they argued that *déjeuner* would now be awaiting us at the farm. So I determined to try the bog by myself, in reality much relieved at their determination.

I had not turned from them many minutes ere I noticed a small Arab evidently trying to overtake me. I waited for him, expecting he might have marked down some game near

by, but he said not a word until he had come sufficiently close to touch my stirrup. Then, in a low voice, he asked in Arabic if I were English; on my satisfying him on that score, he merely said, in a lower voice than before, "Hadj Ano," and pointed to a distant clump of trees. I guessed that my friend must be there, and had sent this mysterious little messenger to tell me. So, accompanied by the boy, I rode in that direction, and as we approached the place a figure came out to meet us, which I soon recognised as Hadj Ano himself. He was a fine, tall, well-proportioned man of about forty, with the typical high-caste Arab features. Except for a turban, he was dressed in European shooting clothes, and

carried in his hand a gun belonging to Brown. He cordially greeted me (he spoke French like a Frenchman) and led the way to the grove. Here I found a delightful little camp of two Arab tents, one of which was occupied by the Hadji himself, the other by some three or four Arabs who were with him.

In a few minutes some of these men had taken my horse and were grooming and feeding him, while another was preparing some food for me.

After some mutual inquiries I asked the Hadji how he came to be camped out here instead of living in the farm as usual, whereat he laughed and said that he did not care for French officers, and while

they occupied the farmhouse he preferred to camp outside; and, knowing the dislike the Algerians have for their French masters, I thought no more of the matter. He said he had heard of my arrival, and had sent the boy to bring me to him if I should be working alone.

We had an excellent *déjeuner* of Arab dishes, in which "khus-khus" (a kind of semolina and chicken curry) figured as the *pièce de résistance*, and after a short rest we started out for a bit of ground which Hadj Ano recommended—open stony ground with patches of tufty, coarse grass and clumps of thorn bushes, through which there meandered a stream which every

HADJ ANO'S CAMP

now and then opened out into a green, tussocky bog.

It was ground that might and, as we very soon found out, did contain many varieties of game. Shortly after commencing our beat, with two Arab boys as game-carriers, we put up a fine little covey of partridges some distance out of shot, and almost immediately afterwards the Hadji knocked over a hare very neatly. Then there fluttered up from a bush between us a woodcock, and crossing me gave me an easy shot which brought him into the larder. A little farther another hare fell to my companion. Then we came to a small hollow, evidently well watered, filled with thorn bush, rank yellow grass, and a few green bushes which looked

like holly. Hadj Ano and I stationed ourselves outside this cover and sent the boys in to act as spaniels. Presently, with a silent whisk, a rich brown woodcock flitted past me, and then so suddenly changed his course as to escape the shower of shot with which I saluted him. But no less than three more birds came out of the same spinny, two to me and one to the Hadji, and these were all accounted for. As we went on a tempting reach of reedy swamp received our attention, and here we had some very pretty snipe-shooting. Alert they were as in the morning, but they did not fly far on the first rise, and my present companions, keen and silent, were very different from the noisy Frenchmen. As a

consequence we soon began to run up quite a little bag. We had no dog, but slow and careful walking got the birds up nicely, and the Arab boys were as sharp as needles in marking and retrieving fallen game. Anon we came to a long and narrow belt of thorn bushes lining both banks of the streamlet. Hadj Ano took one side and I the other, the boys working along in the bush, tapping as they went. Four shots at intervals from Hadj Ano's gun began to make me impatient of my own silence, but at last a long bill rose within the thorns and came to my side, and gave an easy shot as he turned to wing along the side of the cover; almost where he fell another rose, and gave a long shot for my left barrel. I should

probably have missed him had it been my right, but, as it was, he too bit the dust.

On and on we went, getting every now and then a shot at cock, until at length the sun began to sink towards his setting, and we had wandered far from camp. Then we turned and, as far as the light would allow us, shot our way back towards the tents. Out of a reedy pool we got a mallard and his mate, and a little farther on a woodcock, probably a wounded one, rose from bare ground at our approach, and fell, after a twisty flight, to my second barrel. Soon after the sun had set a whistle of golden plover sounded suddenly near, and as they rushed overhead we stopped a couple and a half.

That was our last and perhaps most satisfactory shot of what had been in the end a very satisfactory day.

Darkness had set in before we reached the trees where lay our camp. As this was still some five miles from the farm, and my pony was feeling one of his legs after the marching from Bizerta, I gave way to the suggestion of Hadj Ano, and made up my mind to spend the night in camp.

A note to this effect was despatched by one of his men to quiet the anxiety of my French friends at the farm, and I sat down with a clear conscience and an appreciative appetite to the repast prepared by the Hadji's cook-boy. Hadj Ano had meanwhile changed his shooting

clothes for his native Arab dress, which he always wore at home.

Then followed one of those delights which only come too seldom into one's experience—to lie at one's ease in the cold, clear night by a warm and cheerful camp fire. The restfulness of it appeals to every joint in the tired sportsman's frame, while his mind is amused by the quaint tales and plaintive songs with which the Arabs pass away an hour or two.

Then, warm and sleepy, one rolls into one's blanket to sleep off all fatigue and gather fresh energy from the pure fresh air of one's bedroom under the stars.

Often during the night, as is my wont, I awoke to glance around, and

every time I did so I saw a watchful figure sitting near, or standing looking out across the plain beyond the trees. It was only later on that I found out the reason for this vigil.

Early in the morning I shot my way back to the farm alone, for Hadj Ano laughingly declined to accompany me to see the Frenchmen. We parted with a cheery hand-wave, meaning soon to meet again ; but we have never met.

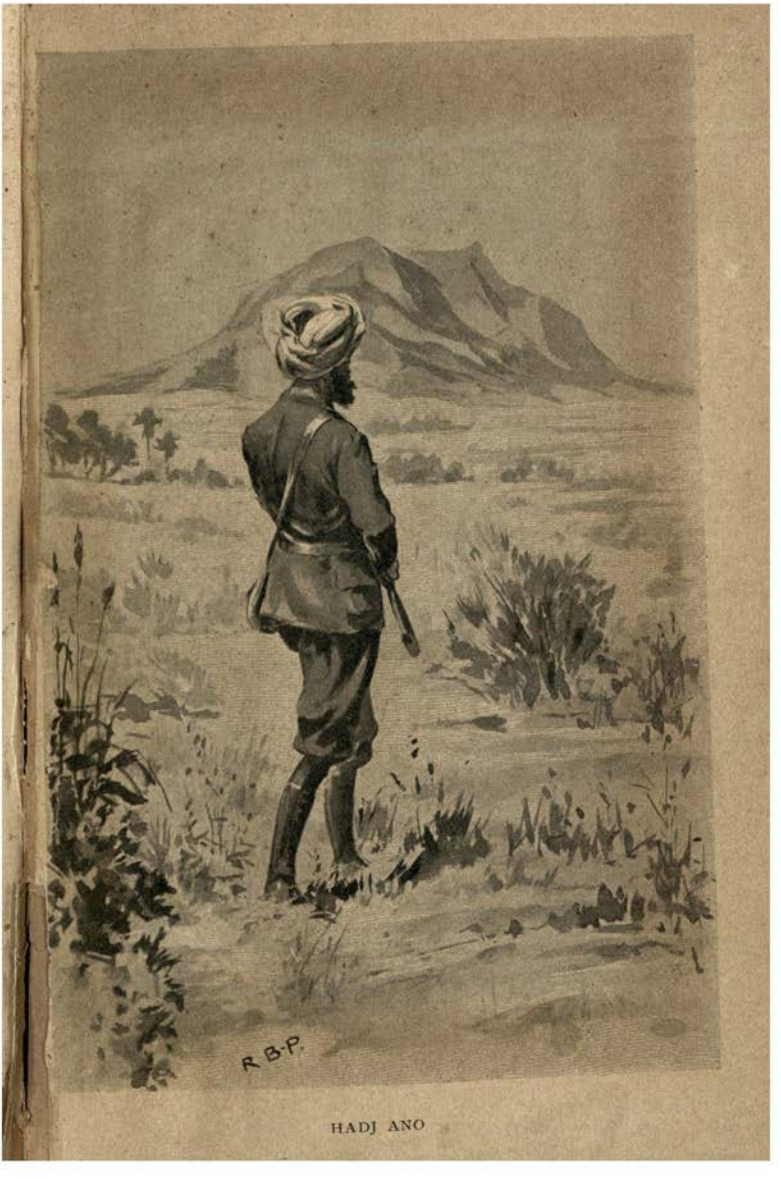
A few months after this I chanced to read *La Dépêche Tunisienne*, and came across a column describing how the police had made a raid on Brown's farm with the object of capturing "the renowned convict Hadj Ano." My friend, it appeared,

had been a chief of high standing in Algeria, where, in accordance with a tribal custom, he had worked off an old family blood-feud with a neighbouring tribe, and, after a well-fought single combat, had slain his man. But he had forgotten that Algeria was now a civilised country —a part of France in fact—and the result was that

> The coroner he came, and the justice too,
> With a hue and a cry and a hullaballoo,

and poor Hadj Ano was sent across the seas to expiate his crime on board the hulks in New Caledonia.

By some means he ultimately effected his escape and returned to his people; but, finding Algeria too dangerous to live in, in safety, with



HADJ ANO

a few trusted followers he moved across the mountains into Tunisia. Here he made the acquaintance of Brown, and his sportsmanlike and gentlemanly character, combined with his intelligence and education, made him at once a useful bailiff and a pleasant companion on the farm. His faithful people watched over and guarded him, and the country Arabs for miles round knew his story and passed him warning when French officials of any kind were moving in the direction of Brown's farm. At length fate went against him. Somehow, whether by bribery or other means I have never heard, the police managed to keep their movements secret, and having surrounded the farm during the night, seized poor

Hadj Ano at the dawn of day, and took him back to prison.

What was his subsequent fate I have never heard.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
London & Edinburgh

Demy 8vo, Cloth Extra, 7s. 6d. net.

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